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1841

The Old Sexton

Henry Russell

Benjamin Champney

Benjamin Park

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Recommended Citation
Russell, Henry; Champney, Benjamin; and Park, Benjamin, "The Old Sexton" (1841). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. 1610.
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THE OLD SEXTON.

"I gather them in – and their final rest, "
Is here, down here on the earth's dark breast.

WORDS BY

PARK BENJAMIN, Esq.

Music composed and respectfully dedicated to

WILLIAM BABCOCK, Esq.

BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

Price 50 cts. net.

BOSTON.
Published by **HENRY PRENTISS**, 33 Court St.

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THE OLD SEXTON.

QUASSI ALLEGRO.

8va

Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made Leaned a Sexton old on his

Staccato.

colla voce.

earth worn spade His work was done and he paused to wait The

fun' - ral train through the o - pen gate A relic of by-gone

days was he And his locks were white as the foa - my sea– And

these words came from his lips so thin I gather them in I

gather them in

8va

gather gather gather I

gather them in . . . . .

I gather them in! for man and boy Year after year of

grief and joy I've builded the houses that lie a - round In

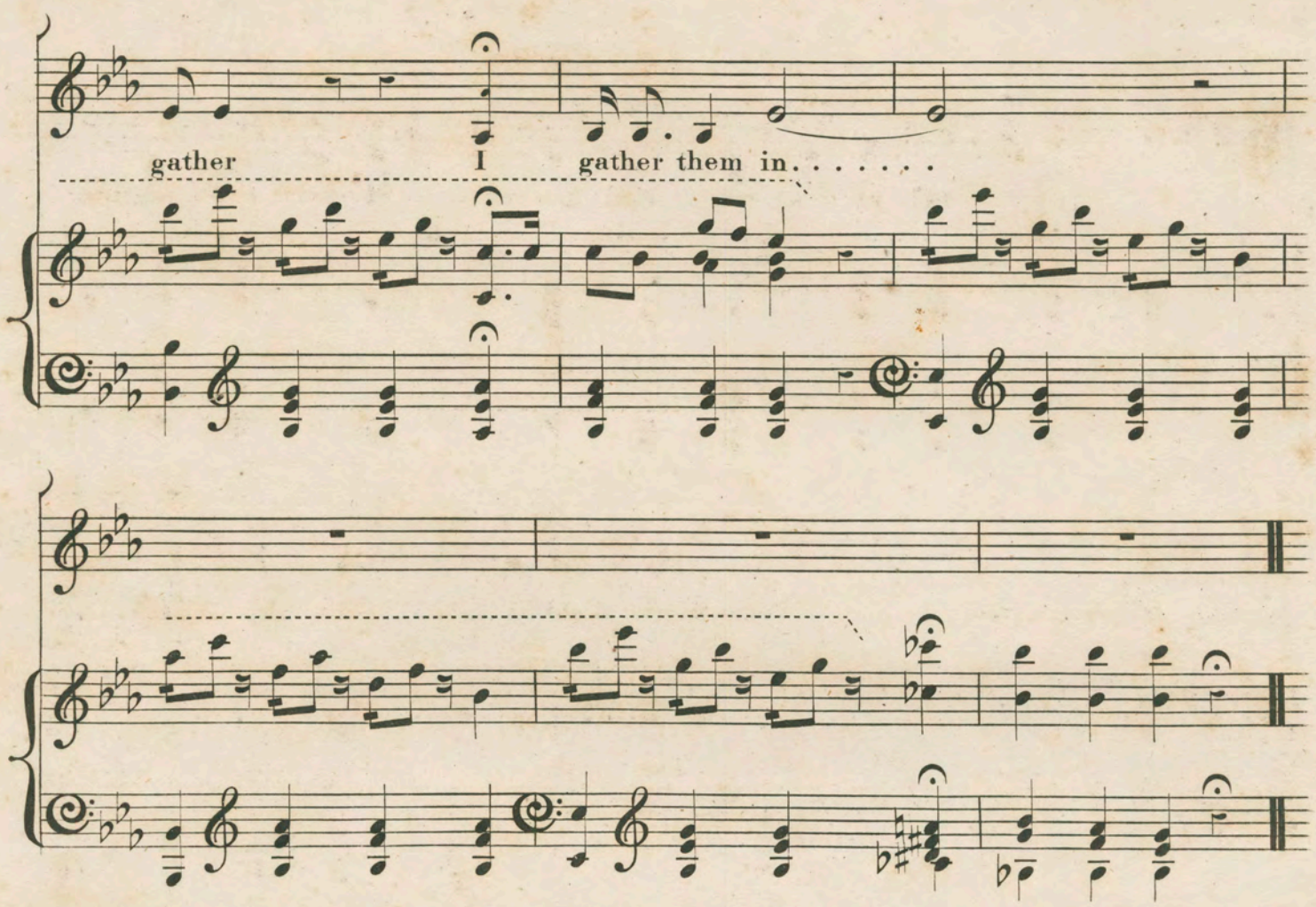
ev' - ry nook of this bu - rial ground Mother and daughter

father and son Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one— But

come they strangers or come they kin I gather them in I

gather them in gather gather

8va



3

Many are with me but still I'm alone
I'm king of the dead – and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold
Come they from cottage or come they from hall
Mankind are my subjects – all, all, all
Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin –
I gather them in! I gather them in!

4

I gather them in – and their final rest
Is here down here in the earth's dark breast
And the sexton ceased – for the funeral train
Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain
And I said to my heart – when time is told
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din –
I gather them in! I gather them in!